EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II. — No. 1. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1886. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

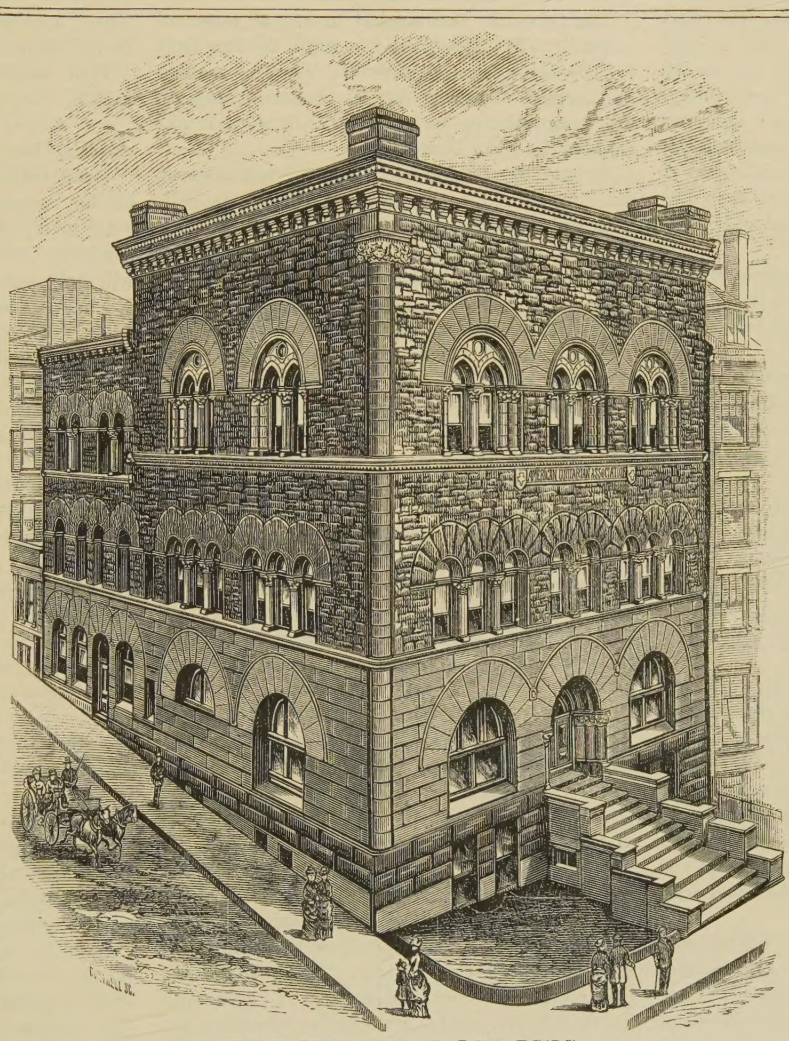
OUR NEW HOME.

WITH this number of our paper we give our readers a fine engraving of the new Unitarian Building in Boston, where are the headquarters of the Sunday-School Society and the office of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. It is a noble structure, — a House Beautiful. The exterior is grand in its simplicity. It looks, as it is, a tower of strength. The round arches, which are repeated in the three successive stories, give the building a character of its own. It is like the best Roman architecture, without being the copy of any ancient edifice. It is Romanesque, and yet is as distinctively American as if palaces and public halls in foreign cities had never been made in this style. The building commands respect, and invites a closer inspection of its architectural beauties. The architect, Mr. Peabody, bears an honored name, — never more honored than when, as here, a great thought finds enduring expression in an edifice that is at once noble and useful.

We hope that very many of our readers will find their way to this Building. Let us, in imagination, go up the imposing flight of steps on the front and enter the edifice. Passing through the vestibule, we find ourselves in a spacious and well-lighted hall. We feel at once that we are in the presence of that which is grand and majestic. On the left, the large, wide-open doors lead to the commodious Book-room of the American Unitarian Association, at the rear of which is the pleasant office of its faithful and devoted Assistant Secretary. On the right of the hall is the Book-room of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. It has a large front window on Beacon Street (the one that you see in the picture on the right of the doorway) and two windows at the rear. Extensive shelves line the walls on two sides of the room, on which are displayed the numerous publications of the Society, those of the Western Sunday-School Society, and the London Sunday-School Association, rows of good books, new and old, for Sunday-school libraries, and a variety of other supplies for Sunday-school use. Here is also to be seen the Lending Library of Sunday-school Reference Books recently established by the Society for the use of Sunday-school workers. On the tables in the centre of the room are various illustrated books, albums of pictures, picture-cards, etc. A dumb-waiter connects with the basement below, where additional supplies of books are kept. The whole room has a bright and cheery look, as if it said "Welcome" to every visitor.

Beyond the two book-rooms on the first floor is the Ladies' Committee Room. A broad flight of stone steps leads to the second story. Here will be found various Committee-rooms, the office of the Secretary of the Sunday-School Society, — who is also Editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — the room of the Secretary and Directors of the American Unitarian Association, and the Reading-room. Above, in the third story, are other Committee-rooms and the very beautiful Channing Hall, the handsomest hall of its size in the United States, — a fitting crown to the building.

Our space will not permit further description at this time; but to one and all we extend the cordial invitation, Come and see.



THE UNITARIAN BUILDING,
CORNER OF BEACON AND BOWDOIN STREETS, BOSTON.

HOME AGAIN.

YES. *Home again;* not many of us, indeed, "from a foreign shore," but all of us home once more from pleasant excursions and charming rambles by the sea-side and over the hills. Let us see now how much more we can get this year than we did last year from our school-life; more, too, of happy friendships and of the lasting "joy of doing good." Let us also try to make our home-life sweeter and richer. The way to do this is open to every one of us, — the good, old, beautiful way of living for others more than for self, of seeking each the other's good more than one's own. And then let us resolve to get more out of Sunday-school and to do more in the Sunday-school. Let us put aside the foolish notion that we have nothing to do but receive what others prepare for us. We can get no good out of anything into which we do not put our heart, our head, and our hands. Sunday-school will be what we make it. By thoughtfulness, love, zeal, and readiness to lend a hand we can make it a fountain of blessings. By preparing our lessons, by studying the Bible as enthusiastic learners, and by doing our part to make every session of the school pleasant and profitable, we can be "workers together with God" for the building up of Christian character. Is not this what we are "home again" for?

CHARMS AND KNOTS.

WHO shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GARDEN.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

[A story told to the West School children.]

NCE in a beautiful garden lived three happy little children. It was always summer in this garden. The skies bent their violet depths kindly over it; gentle winds stirred the blossoming boughs; and sweet-voiced birds sang all day long, without even a thought of fear or care.

And the children were like the birds, too, as they frolicked in the sunshine. They were under the care of a beautiful, wise Angel, who gave them every comfort and pleasure that a child heart could desire. Everything that the garden contained was theirs. Did I say everything? There was one tree on which grew a rare and wonderful fruit. This the Angel reserved for the sick and poor whom he daily ministered to outside the gate. The children had been forbidden to touch it, and thus far had cheerfully obeyed.

One morning the Angel called them to him, and his beautiful face was even more lovely than ever as they ran to him with caresses and joyous words.

"I have a gift for each one of you," he said, smiling. "See, Alice, Amy, and little Adèle, what pure, white dresses you must wear now. You have always had them, but did not know it because you were too young."

The children stood speechless with rapture as the Angel threw the delicate draperies over them. Never before had they seen such dresses. They had the whiteness of the lily, the brightness of the sunbeam, and the airiness of gossamer, all combined. Beside their pure lustre everything else seemed unclean and common.

"Wear your dresses, dear children," said the Angel lovingly, "and just as long as you do right nothing can soil them. You may plunge in the blackest mud, go through rain and among thorns and briers, and your dresses will remain just as they are now; but indulge in one wrong action, and your beautiful robes will tell the story sooner than you can. Now, be glad to-day, enjoy all you can, and at eventide I will come to the arbor with our supper."

The children kissed their noble friend, and promised earnestly to keep the dear dresses pure and clean. What a happy time followed! They played merrily with the birds and little animals of the wood, ran races with the brook, and tended their favorite flowers. The garden knew nothing but sweet voices, gentle words, and kind actions.

Toward noon they found themselves near the forbidden tree. How beautiful it was, with its glossy leaves, its strange, brilliant blossoms, and rosy fruit!

They stood still for a moment and looked at it. "I wonder why the Angel never gives us fruit from this tree," said Alice, with a longing glance.

"It looks very nice," said Amy enviously. "Our apples and peaches are so common I am tired of them."

"Let us go away," said Adèle anxiously; "I'm sure the Angel knows best."

Alice stood in the same spot, a strange look of longing in her eyes. "I see one of the clusters bent and almost broken," she said half-aloud. "What harm would there be in taking just that one? The Angel would never select that one to carry to his sick people."

"O Alice, don't touch it!" begged Adèle. "Remember what the Angel told us."

But Alice already had broken off the cluster and was tasting the luscious fruit.

"O Amy! O Adèle!" she cried, "do taste! You never saw anything so nice;" and she held out the fruit.

Adèle shrank away; but Amy took the fruit and looked at it. "I suppose I might as well eat it now it is off the tree," she said hesitatingly.

"Throw it away, dear sister," wept Adèle. "Don't do wrong."

"Do as you want to," cried Alice. "Don't let Adèle order you about like a slave!"

So foolish Amy tasted and ate.

The two girls now seemed to lose all power of control. They shook the tree until the ripe fruit lay thickly upon the ground. They quarrelled and struggled for the largest clusters, trampling the beautiful rosy and golden fruit until it was trodden into the dust.

By and by the luscious fruit did not taste so deliciously, and finally it was as bitter as gall. The two girls dropped what they held in their hands, and gazed anxiously into each other's faces and then at Adèle, who stood by looking as pale as the white rose-leaves that lay upon the turf.

"O sisters, see your dresses!" she said.

The unhappy children looked downward, and saw dark spots thickly set over the surface of their beautiful dresses. For a moment they could not speak. Then Alice darted to the fountain, crying, "We will wash it out. Quickly, Amy! Help us, Adèle!"

But, alas! the most vigorous scrubbing failed to start the ugly stains. They rather grew the blacker. At last Alice threw herself down on the ground weeping bitterly, and the whole garden seemed changed. A shade crept over the sun, the birds were mute on the branches, and the streamlet only sobbed and sighed over its pebbles.

At last the girls heard a voice calling them. Not daring to disobey, they followed the sound until they found the Angel near the forbidden tree. "Children," said he sorrowfully, "which one of you has disobeyed my command and eaten of the forbidden tree?"

There was a silence. Then Alice said, "I did not;" and Amy whispered, "I have not, either."

Over the Angel's noble face came a look of pain, — a deep, yearning sorrow that the guilty little hearts could not endure. He spoke not, but pointed to their robes, once so pure and glistening. To their horror they saw the stains spreading and deepening, — the tell-tales of their disobedience and deceit. The frightened children clung to his knees, and begged him not to leave them. With streaming tears they confessed their fault, and prayed that he would wash the stains from the dear dresses.

"Alas! I cannot do it," sighed the Angel. "There is but one way, and the path is rough and thorny for such tender little feet."

"Oh, tell us that way, and we will walk in it," wept the children.

"To-morrow I will tell you," said the Angel sadly; "but you will find it full of anguish, my poor little ones."

At last the children slept, weary with weeping, and the moonbeams glistened on the tears that still lay on their rounded cheeks.

The Angel watched by them, his great heart full of longing love. "O Father," he cried, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "save and guide these little ones. They have tasted the bitterness of sin. Bring them back to Thee, and let them choose only to do Thy will. Let them be as their angels, who do always behold Thy face in heaven."

The morning dawned, and the children were led out to their task.

The Angel took them to a corner of the garden where thistles had sprung up among the flowers. The children were surprised; for only the day before they had played in that very spot, and no thistles were to be seen.

Alas! they did not realize that their sin had brought the first blight upon that sunny Eden.

"You must clear away all the thistles and thorns," said the Angel. "Work patiently, my dear ones, and the dresses will yet be clean." Then, with more loving words and tender kisses, he left them to their hateful task.

Poor children! they seized hold of a large thistle, then drew back with bleeding hands.

"I never, never can do it," wailed Amy, throwing herself down on the ground helplessly.

Good little Adèle drew near. She had never for an instant deserted her sisters in their need. "Let us try to get at least one out," she said persuasively. "Don't give it up so soon. See! I will help you."

Cheered by her sympathy they set to work again, and at last uprooted the thistle.

"See!" said the dear sister joyfully, "the stain is fading!" And indeed it seemed creeping away from the hems of the robes.

"Perhaps we can get it all clean," said Alice hopefully.

The long day passed. It was weary work. The sun smote their uncovered heads; they were faint, weary, bleeding, bruised by stones and briers. Many a time they sank down, too tired to go on. But they persevered, urged on by the fading stains and Adèle's loyal love.

At evening the Angel came. He saw the cleared garden-plot, and turned to them with tender eyes. They held up their little bleeding hands, too weary even to plead for themselves.

Again the Angel pointed to their robes, but not with looks of sorrow and grave reproach. They looked down timidly, and oh, joy! the little dresses shone as white as ever.

Then with the Angel the weary children thanked the Father that man, by tears and prayers and labor, may come nearer to Him, and that the heart's transgressions may be blotted out.

And joy was in the Angel's heart that night, for he knew that in his Father's home there was great rejoicing over this victory of human souls. The children, too, were no longer sad, but sank quietly to sleep, lulled by the brooklet's soothing voice.

The lesson of life was begun. They had turned the first page and read its warning. The first steps of the uphill journey had been taken. But they knew that that road led to the Father's house — and home.

SNARES IN THE WAY.

How constant and strong a watch does our appetite require! Have we comeliness and beauty? What fuel for pride! Are we deformed? What an occasion for repining! Have we strength of reason and gifts of learning? Oh, how prone to be puffed up, hunt after applause, and despise our brethren! Are we rich, and not too much exalted? Are we poor, and not discontented? Ourselves are our greatest snare unto ourselves. — *Baxter.*

WHAT FRED AND ANNIE KNOW ABOUT HENS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

HONESTLY, I don't think they know very much; but they think they do. Fred is twelve years old, Annie is ten, and Jack Thornton is eleven. They are inseparables.

One summer in the country they were delighted with the hennery. It seemed easy work to take care of hens and chickens. The next spring they gained Mamma's consent, and she gave them a bit of ground for a hen-yard.

A bit of land is an excellent thing for hens and chickens; but it won't prevent them from going to a neighbor's yard, nor will it prevent the neighbor's cat or dog from catching the chickens. It takes a house and a fence for that. The boys had a huge packing-case, and felt sure they could make a house. Then, all told, they had seventy-two cents. If they bought hens, they could n't buy laths; if they bought laths, they could n't buy hens. This was "a fix," they said; and I think it was. But they were wise little children, and had faith that they would come out all right; and my opinion is, that is why they did come out right. They believed in doing all they could, and leaving the rest to God.

So they made up their minds to build the house. Then they found they must buy some nails. That was hard; for if they used up their pennies on the house, they would n't have anything left for hens or fence.

Good luck! Just here Mamma found twenty-six cents in the street. She could n't find the owner, and so announced "a contribution to the hen fund." The nails were bought. The boys pounded their fingers and cut their thumbs. Patient Annie held the nails and ran for the tools. After a great deal of work the hen-house was done.

Meanwhile a happy thought struck Fred. Grandma kept hens, and perhaps she would lend him a "setting hen." But how about the eggs? Jack came to the rescue. He knew a gentleman who had "fine hens, pure breed, feathers just right in color and length and wave." He thought Mr. Grant would give him two eggs. If they both hatched, he should have a pair. Some one suggested that perhaps both would be hens, or both cocks! That was bad. He thought he would ask for three, and risk it. So it was settled. Jack took his holiday to go and see Mr. Grant, and triumphantly brought home twelve eggs of the finest breeds. Fred, too, was fortunate. Grandma gave him two hens. Here was joy indeed! In a few days one of the hens was put on the eggs. At the end of the week Mamma gave them a dozen nice eggs she had bought for the other hen.

Now, a very funny thing happened. After hen No. 2 had sat a day or so, she evidently did n't like her eggs. What do you suppose she did? She drove No. 1 from her nest, and took her eggs; and poor No. 1 had to be contented with No. 2's eggs. That was n't honest, was it? for Blacky (No. 1) had sat a whole week, and so Browny (No. 2) only had to sit two weeks. Then she came off so proud with her brood! Poor Blacky had to sit three weeks more and keep her eggs warm. She was a faithful creature. Every day she turned each egg with her foot, and only left them to feed herself. She knew that if the eggs were chilled, she would not have a brood of little chickens like Browny.

As the hens did not cost the children anything, they could use their money for laths, and they built a good fence. By the time the chickens were hatched, their new home was ready.

Such cunning, soft, downy chicks you never saw! When Blacky's brood was hatched Browny's chickens were just showing a little color, — six "Hamburgs" and one black "Poland" with a tiny crown. How Browny did strut around! And when Blacky, whom she had ill-treated, came into the yard, she would call all her brood together and look at meek old Blacky, with her dozen little ones, in a hateful way.

You say I have n't told you what Fred and Annie know about hens? Truly, I have n't, but I will. They know they have to be fed very often when the chicks are small. Sometimes they forgot it; and one day a little downy thing died, and cook said it did n't have enough to eat. They know if they don't keep the gate shut, the cat will walk in and have a Thanksgiving dinner in June, which is the wrong time, is n't it? They caught her one day trying to get in. They know that the little creatures can creep through a very small hole, and can fly up over the base-boards when they are very tiny. All this they have learned by sad experience.

One day poor Blacky died. Four long weeks of sitting had been too much for her. She grew weaker and weaker, and finally died, leaving ten motherless chickens, too young to care for themselves. Old Browny would n't have anything to do with them. She had always hated them, ever since she treated their poor mother so badly. Now she pecked and flew at them every time they came near her.

Mrs. Jones, who had a small hen-yard just behind the boys' yard, had a forlorn-looking sort of a rooster that was always a good deal pecked by the others. One day she moved a slat in the fence and put him through, first tying a card on one leg, on which was written, "I've come to stay." The children were delighted. He was the most good-natured old rooster! He never pecked the chickens, and when he scratched he would call loudly for them all to come and get the worms. Between you and me, he was the most lovable thing in the hen-yard. Old Blacky was dead. Old Browny was cross, and what could the chickens do? They knew, if we did n't. They followed old "Crower" (for that is what the children called him) all around, crawling under his wings and cuddling up to him. The poor old rooster looked so ashamed! He did n't know how to cover them. He would stop and try, and then walk on. But his kind heart would n't allow him to leave those poor chickens without anybody to care for them, and back he would come to try it again, — the funniest picture of helplessness and good-nature! When once he had made up his mind that it was his duty to care for the little orphans, he tried his best to brood them at night. The little things would light on his back and cuddle under his wings, and I don't believe they ever knew he was n't an old hen. But they did seem surprised when he would stretch himself up and crow. However, they got used to that, and very likely those little chickens think hens always crow. Maybe they will all try themselves, and wonder why they can't. But you see what comes of old Crower trying to do the "duty next at hand," and doing it just as well as he knew how.

And now you know what Fred and Annie and Jack know about hens. They know they are a great care, and that they are not always honorable among themselves; and that a poor, forlorn rooster, trying in his shamefaced way to brood motherless chickens, is a very funny sight.

History and Biography.

ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC.

BY MILDRED E. PATTEN.

THIS remarkable woman reigned in Spain in the sixteenth century. She was exceedingly beautiful, — tall, fair, with chestnut hair inclining to red, blue eyes, and a clear, fresh complexion. At an early age she displayed marked business ability. She inherited her father's intellectual qualities, had a great and good influence over the literary culture of Spain, and often took poor children to educate. Her manners were very pleasing, and she could always adapt herself to the circumstances of those around her.

We have learned in our school histories of her great kindness toward Columbus. He had appealed to the Court of Portugal to aid him in setting out on his voyage of discovery, but no one would listen to him. Then he went to Queen Isabella. Although not having so much faith in the existence of the unknown land, she furnished him the vessels and means, and was amply rewarded by the discovery of lands rich in minerals and natural products.

Great was her generosity. Public institutions, hospitals, and churches were built with her money, and she was the first to introduce camp hospitals. She had little taste for the light amusements of Court life, was economical in her living, dressing simply and modestly.

As a daughter, wife, and mother, she was most affectionate. Benevolent to all mankind, even to her enemies, she lived more for others than for herself, and was true always to the principles that had governed her life. In times of war she went about among the soldiers, nursing and tending them, comforting the sick and wounded. Often, arrayed in heavy armor, she headed the troops herself, enduring all the hardship of war like a common soldier, and by her own cheerfulness and bravery imparted new energy to the weak and helped the strong to be braver. She was indefatigable, likewise, in political affairs.

Distinguished for her purity, wisdom, dignity, her sweet manner, her unlimited generosity and kindness, we find in Isabella almost every quality that goes to make a perfect woman. There is but one blemish on her character. Although she did so much to promote industries, to keep peace, and for the advancement of literary culture, she sanctioned the Spanish Inquisition, and the suffering of the Moors was most horrible and cruel.

They had had possession of Granada nearly eight centuries, and the war lasted eight years. They were driven from home and country; their property and beautiful residences were confiscated, and they had no chance to take even their personal belongings. Men, women, and children — persons of rank and wealth, young girls who had been brought up in luxury and knew not what it was to work or want — were left without money or any means of support. Those who were reluctant to go, or who fought in self-defence, were burned at the stake and cruelly tortured. And all this suffering was due to the fact that they were not devout *Catholics*, like herself! We can hardly condemn *her*, but rather the *age*, for such cruelty. She had been strictly educated from childhood in the Catholic religion. Influenced largely by the priests, whom she regarded with the greatest reverence and respect, she sincerely believed she was doing what was right, what God willed, and what was her duty to perform.

Our Letter-Box.

The Letter-Box enters upon a new year with pleasant memories and bright hopes. We expect to receive many enigmas and other puzzles from our young readers, as well as bright stories and carnest letters. The *Old Testament Enigma* given below we are sure will prove of interest, since those that were printed in last year's numbers always brought us pleasant responses. Of the Old Testament Enigma in No. 21 of Vol. I., a friend in Brockton, Mass., wrote us: —

"The Enigma taken from the Book of Judges gave us all a pleasant evening's entertainment. Papa sat by, an interested listener, while mamma read aloud the story of Samson from the Bible, and the two little girls took their slates and worked out the answers. Even the girl in the kitchen took out her Bible and looked over the story."

We hope the enigma in this number will give as much pleasure. We shall also look for more answers to the Bible Questions than we received last year. All Sunday-school scholars older than the infant classes should be able to answer these questions.

OLD TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 84, 96, 92, 71, 58, 28, 98, is one of the books of the Bible.

My 51, 18, 40, 70, 68, 86, 52, 58, were at war with the Israelites.

My 74, 68, 60, 63, 45, 75, was a mighty hunter.

My 44, 41, 42, 64, 10, 65, was the son of Ham.

My 80, 45, 89, 85, built an ark.

My 38, 19, 45, 44, 13, was a good man whom God took.

My 24, 95, 44, 91, 25, 39, 68, 97, 58, 54, 30, 98, is one of the books of the Old Testament.

My 9, 76, 25, 56, was the original home of man according to ancient writings.

My 8, 23, 79, 59, was a son of Isaac.

My 61, 93, 87, 99, 58, was a Jewish leader.

My 60, 28, 95, 51, 89, 90, was Saul's daughter and David's wife.

My 88, 68, 72, 79, 60, was King of Tyre, and a friend of David.

My 44, 34, 62, 60, 45, 98, 7, was the god of Moab.

My 51, 64, 57, 48, 81, was an adversary of Solomon.

My 61, 68, 4, 44, 45, 60, was the god of the Ammonites.

My 31, 23, 13, 27, 45, 36, 52, 6, 85, was the goddess of the Phœnicians.

My 98, 64, 61, 77, 63, 3, 10, was a country despised by the Jews.

My 32, 73, 64, 60, 89, 69, was a Syrian cured of the leprosy.

My 20, 90, 83, 98, 51, 79, was a famous prophet of the Israelites.

My 22, 59, 91, 66, 53, 34, was a prophetess.

My 50, 55, 84, 45, 82, was a god of the Philistines.

My 3, 33, 47, 93, was a Jewish seer.

My 5, 23, 12, 13, 15, 14, was a beautiful Jewess, queen of Ahasuerus.

My 2, 41, 16, 48, 49, was her bitter enemy.

My 29, 93, 11, 68, 77, 85, was the Mount on which the Temple stood.

My 58, 45, 46, 45, 61, 93, 32, built the Temple.

My 26, 35, 37, 28, 43, was the poet-king of Israel.

My 60, 10, 90, 17, 44, 7, 18, was the last of the prophets.

My 14, 59, 21, 85, was a beautiful Moabitess, the grandmother of David.

My 94, 78, 11, 8, was a Syrian city once besieged by Nebuchadnezzar.

My 1 and 67 are not found in the Jewish alphabet.

My whole is the promise of God to Noah and his descendants.

M. B. E.

ANAGRAM.

[Place the letters in the right position, and this spells a sentence from the Bible.]

OTHU HALTS TON LEAST.

W. W. S.

CHARADE I.

My first I wish we all might be;
My second I am, myself;
My third, to do, we strip a tree,
And all for worldly pelf.
My whole in life was sad and stern,
Yet from such life we all might learn.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What is the meaning of the words "Bible" and "Testament"?
2. How many books are there in the Old Testament?
3. How many in the New Testament?
4. What did the writers of the New Testament call the books of the Old Testament?
5. What books of the Old Testament constitute "the Law" of the Jews?
6. What other name was sometimes given to these books, and why?
7. Who is supposed to have been their author?
8. Mention the books called by the Jews "the Prophets."
9. Who wrote the Psalms?
10. Who wrote the Proverbs?

For Youngest Readers.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

Where little Margaret lived there was a very beautiful garden, filled with a great many rare shrubs and flowers planted in beds of various shapes. All the beds were bordered with box, and besides forming the borders the box was set out in one place to make letters spelling the name of Margaret's father.

Patrick the gardener was exceedingly proud of these letters, and he kept them trimmed so carefully that no one who saw them could fail to read the name. Nothing ever vexed him except when thoughtless persons broke off the blossoms themselves instead of asking him to cut them, which he was always ready to do.

Near the entrance of the garden was a fountain, of a swan standing in a basin, with his head raised high in the air, while a stream of water was constantly bursting from his beak and flowing down into the basin.

Margaret enjoyed this fountain more than anything else in the garden. She liked to stand close beside it, and watch the water springing into the sunshine, and sparkling above the head of the swan, and then falling upon its back and half-open wings, and dripping down to its feet, which were always covered by the tiny pond that stayed in the bottom of the basin. She thought it was much prettier than the fountain of the umbrella with the children under it, which was in the next garden, and belonged to the father of her friend Amelia. She once explained the reasons for her preference to Patrick by saying, "That little boy and girl look so tired staying out in a shower all the time. Our swan does n't look so, because swans are fond of the water, and don't expect to go in when it rains, as children do."

Patrick declared that he thought just as she did about the two fountains.

"Of course, I'm not going to say so to Amelia," she added, "for that would not be polite."

"Of course not," answered Patrick. "An' 'tis mesilf that knows that our garden is the glowry of the whole strate; but niver a boast of it do I make, for 't is the silf-praise that goes but little ways."

One summer an old lady came to the house for a visit. She greatly admired the rare plants, and praised the box letters, saying she had never been in so grand a garden before, all of which pleased Patrick very much. By and by they came to one of the farther corners, where there were some simple, modest flowers that had once belonged to Margaret's grandmother. These charmed her more than anything else she had seen. She bent over them with expressions of surprise and delight.

"Oh, how the sight of these carries me back!" she said, — "clear back to the time when I was about the age of Margaret, and used to work in the one small posy-bed that my sister and I always had in our front yard. And here is the Star of Bethlehem," she continued. "This was my favorite among all our beauties, I remember;" and she fastened the blossoms of it which Patrick gathered for her in the folds of her white muslin neckerchief.

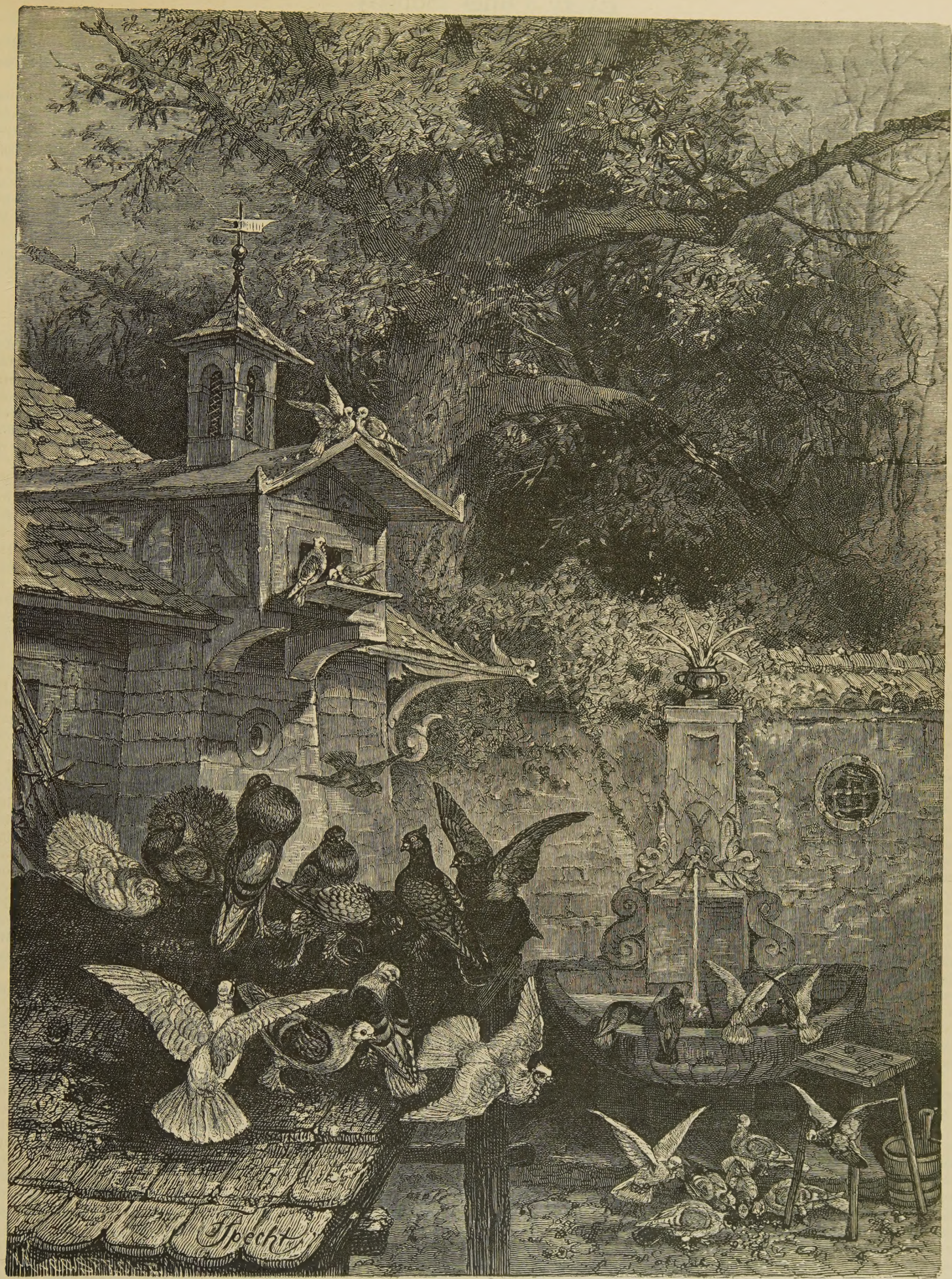
"The Star of Bethlehem," repeated Margaret; "that 's a pretty name for a flower."

"Ah, the blissed star!" exclaimed Patrick, making the sign of the cross on his forehead.

"There are some flowers that we admire for their brilliant colors and strange forms," said the old lady, as they walked up the box-bordered path towards the house; "but there are others that seem to us like dear friends because we knew them many years ago when we were young."

"An' that 's a true wurrud that ye say, mem," responded Patrick, "for there niver can be any flowers that aqual for swateness thim that we see bloom in the owld country whin we was children."

Every morning afterwards, when Patrick made up the bouquet for Margaret to take to Grandma Ware, he placed at the top of it, above all the fine roses, pinks, and geraniums, the humble little blossoms of the Star of Bethlehem.



PIGEONS (*See page* 6).

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

PIGEONS.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

From the time the dove brought the olive branch to the ark, in token that the dreary waste of waters had subsided in some degree, the sending of these wonderful birds on man's messages has been known. Pigeons are found in every part of the world except the frigid zone, but their favorite home seems to be in Southern Asia. The parent family is probably that of the rock pigeon, and they are naturally very timid, having seldom been domesticated excepting in the cases of the turtle dove and common pigeon.

The latter variety has now become chiefly dependent on man for its food. It can be easily trained to come at the sound of a whistle or call of the voice; as any of our readers can easily prove by feeding them with corn at regular intervals, until in a few weeks they gather in great numbers in any village, and if unmolested will alight on the shoulders or eat from the hand of their host.

Darwin makes use of the pigeon to show the truth of his theory of natural selection, and dates the first mention of the pigeon before 3000 B. C. Twenty thousand rare and valuable species of these birds were kept at one time by a famous Indian prince in 1600 B. C. Doubtless these feathered retainers were a part of the wealth of Solomon, as they are often eloquently referred to by the wise monarch in his writings.

A young pigeon is as dependent as a baby on its parents for the first week of its life; and it lives on a substance nearly resembling milk furnished by either of the parent birds. They differ from other birds by drinking without raising their heads until they are satisfied.

The pouter, fantail, tumbler, and carrier are the most prized by pigeon fanciers, and very high prices are paid for fine specimens. The pouter earns his name by swelling out his chest and throat in a very conceited manner, and this manner of puffing himself up is often injurious to his health and happiness. The tumbler has a beautiful manner of throwing somersaults in the air before alighting, and is perhaps the most attractive of all the ornamental varieties, which include, among many, the ones named for the ring and for the ruff which they wear around their graceful necks. Before the telegraph and telephone rendered them useless, the carrier pigeon was in constant use for carrying messages, and in the late siege of Paris they were very extensively used. Their love of home is the motive of their flight, and they will return sometimes when carried a thousand miles away.

To carry messages well, they must be trained very early for the service, by being at first carried a short distance in a covered basket, and allowed to return, the distance being daily increased until they can be trusted to carry important documents with safety at the speed of thirty miles an hour, which they sustain for weeks with little rest or delay. When set free the bird takes a high flight into the air as if to take all the bearings, and then sets out on his long and steady journey to his destination. Space fails to enumerate the wonderful variety of species of this interesting bird, which would fill a volume. Many of the species show great variety of colors and marks, so that only experienced raisers of these birds can easily distinguish them.

SAINT PATRICK. A TRUE STORY.

BY ANNIE E. FAXON.

His temper was a kind of peppery one, — that is, hot and hasty; and although his real name was Ernest, Saint Patrick was the name the schoolboys gave him, or more often Patrick, because he was born on Saint Patrick's day. This day is as good a day to be born on as any other, but our hero hated it because it was generally stormy.

Although his mother tried to make some bit of brightness for this 17th of March, such as filling the corners of the library with sweet-smelling evergreens cut from the woods near by, he was not always jolly on his birthday; "Saint Patrick" seemed to ring in his ears.

On nine birthdays Ernest had borne "Saint Patrick, Saint Patrick," until he almost hated his birthday; yet the schoolboys watched for the chance of seeing the bright cheeks grow redder, and the eyes flash at the fun, as they called it.

The 17th of March, 1886, came; and our boy knew that the boys would be waiting for him, and he remembered, too, that father and mother would put some little gift under his plate at breakfast, and that sister would have a flower in each napkin at dinner, — a bright red carnation, or a nasturtium that he liked; and all of a sudden, as he lay in bed, he thought, "How silly I am to mind the boys! I will begin to-day and keep my temper, and not lose it for a year."

A sound of light steps awakened his mother, and down he popped into her bed, between her and the baby, who was asleep, making the fourth in the bed.

"Mother, I'm not going to lose my temper for a year," said Ernest.

Surprised, his mother slowly said, "I'm very glad."

"And, mother, if you don't believe it, I'll sign it."

After breakfast our hero wrote on a little piece of paper: "I promise truly not to lose my temper for a year;" and all the family had to write their names as witnesses, and one friend visiting them added to his, "More in love and trust, than in faith."

It happened that on this very morning another mother awoke, and remembered that it was Saint Patrick's day, and that her boys would remember that Ernest could n't bear to be thought of as a "Patrick;" so she called her children to her, and said, "Will you try not to plague Ernest on his birthday?"

The boys promised to try not to call him names; and at nine o'clock, when our lad went into the yard with a rather tired look on his face, to his surprise no "Saint Patrick" was heard.

At two o'clock, when the driver went for Ernest, he had a note from his mother saying he could invite one boy home to dinner; and soon he and his chum were at home, where a little fête was made.

There were some potatoes à la Bridget, as we call them, because no one else ever made such nice ones, — with a round cover cut out, and the inside beaten to a cream, then put back, and baked over until they looked like snow coming out of the skins; and peanuts were added to dessert; and on the table in the library were ten little gifts, and among them the photograph of our dear child, whose hasty temper caused us so many solemn thoughts.

All this happened in March; it is the first of September as we write this, and our child does keep his temper well.

We mean that though he does speak out hastily sometimes, he remembers as soon as his face grows hot, and says, "Oh, I forgot."

He really is trying not to be always "sticking up for his rights," as he used to call it; and he sees that grown-up boys and girls have to try as hard as young ones to keep pleasant when peppery words do no good.

It is a good plan for children to take care of their own tempers, as Ernest is trying to do; and writing down a thing, and signing a name to it, is a great help to make one remember.

HOW THE SULTAN WENT TO MOSQUE.

BY REV. JOSHUA YOUNG.

In Mohammedan countries the weekly sacred day corresponding to the Sabbath is Friday. On that day the Sultan, who resides in Constantinople, always goes to mosque, — that is, he attends religious services in some one of the imperial mosques, going thither with great parade either by land or water, as is his pleasure. It is one of the sights to be seen.

Having ascertained that to-day it will be by water, at ten o'clock A.M., we set out at once for the shore of the Golden Horn, and without delay take our seats on the clean red cushions in the bottom of a caique, in shape like an Indian canoe, rowed by four oarsmen, and are off; for, thick as flies, — I ought to say butterflies, so pretty they look in their bright colors, — the boats are everywhere skimming their way to the most desirable points of observation. Soon we pass the imperial palace, and already the royal barges or galleys are in attendance. There are two: one with fourteen oars, seven on a side, and one with twenty-six, thirteen on a side. Both are brilliantly painted with blue and gold; and the one designed for the Sultan, who will ride alone, while his suite will occupy the other, has a canopy or pavilion of royal purple, under which he will recline on a divan. This barge is about as long as a good-sized yacht, with a long, projecting peak richly gilded, from which, about five feet from the end, unrolls a scroll, or swan's neck; and back of that there is a golden eagle with wings wide-spread. The twenty-six rowers, thirteen on a side, sitting two by two, are dressed in white, bag-like trousers and vests, and have on their heads the Turkish cap of red. Over the vests are sleeveless embroidered jackets, laced across the breast. We observe, also, a carpet laid down from the door of the palace to the barge.

We take our position not far from the mosque, which rests on a formation — a wharf, or pier, as we might say — extending out some distance into the water. While we are waiting, what a picture we are a part of! The gayly-painted boats have turned the beautiful harbor into a flower-garden. And such a blue sky over our heads, and the water we float on crystal green, — so transparent that you can see the bottom at a very considerable depth! A handsome stone wall, or embankment, lines the shore. A space of about twenty feet between the wall and the buildings affords a beautiful promenade, upon which you can step from your boat, as in Venice you land from a gondola; and here, all brilliant to-day, are the houses of the wealthy, — palaces and pachas' residences. Beautiful, too, is the Asiatic shore, off against which lie two great ironclads and other ships-of-war, their flags flying, and at the mizzen peak the handsome ensign of the empire, — a white star and crescent on a field of scarlet.

Hark! It is the signal gun. We turn our eyes to the shore. Immediately soldiers all along the embankment and the mosque — thousands of them — arrange themselves in line for the usual military honors to their great superior. And now all the naval vessels in the harbor and all the forts on both banks of the Bosphorus blaze and roar with a grand salute. Peal after peal booms out over the water, and reverberates from the neighboring hills. See! the oars strike the water, and quick their dripping blades flash in the sun. They start; they fly! Swift as an arrow, graceful as a bird, the royal pageant sweeps by, sweeps on, and is gone —

"like a meteor, that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and ere we 've said,
'Look! look! how beautiful!' 't is fled."

The Sultan, whose face we are too distant to see distinctly, is dressed as a European military gentleman, with the only difference that he wears a fez, which it is said he never takes off. The rowers, moving together as one man, after pulling the stroke rise to their feet and raise the oar's blade by bearing down upon the handle, so that their bodies bend as one making a very low bow; and this regular and uniform movement, the oars now on a level and now together striking the water, and the whole crew at every stroke throwing themselves prostrate, as it were, before their sovereign, — this combination of graceful boat and rhythm of motion, of beautiful shores and gay, glittering waters, in all its parts like a changing kaleidoscope, presented a scene of exquisite beauty, and approached nearer to some description of fairy-land than anything I have ever seen before or since. It was truly Oriental. It was the very quintessence of the East. It was like an enchantment wrought by Aladdin's lamp. It was a story out of the Arabian Nights. It was more than romantic; it was something out of the world of dreams and visions, so different from anything to be seen in our commonplace, unpoetic West.

When the Sultan stepped from the barge at the landing, his suite and attendants paid him the excessive marks of respect which characterize the East, prostrating themselves to the earth, and lifting up their hands as if throwing dust upon their heads.

In company with the officers I observed the Sultan's little son, only ten years old, — a very pretty boy, who appeared to take no interest whatever in what was going on. Tired, no doubt, of fine clothes and being watched over, how he would like to do as other boys do, — play "fox" round the corner, go in swimming, or have a game of marbles; but being the Sultan's son, he must stand on his dignity, and, like a child in company, keep an eye on his good behavior. You need n't be envious of him, you farmer boy, or any other American lad who can rule himself in this noble land of fair chance for all!

"Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king."

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In the Fourth of July number of Every Other Sunday we told the story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. We tried to tell it accurately. All the books and documents relating to the deed that were accessible to us were consulted. As the result of our studies, we stated that on July 4, 1776, the Declaration was adopted by the Congress, and signed by all the members then present who voted for it, — other members adding their signatures at later dates.

Since writing our article we have received from the author, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, a pamphlet containing a carefully sifted account of the actual doings of the Congress. According to this scholarly writer, the Resolution of Independence was passed by Congress, July 2, 1776, so that the 2d, and not the 4th, of July is the true *Independence Day*. On the 4th of July the Declaration of Independence written by Jefferson was agreed to — that is, was passed — by the delegates of the thirteen colonies in Congress assembled. Then, *as was the usual custom*, the Declaration was printed, the printed copies bearing the signatures of the President and Secretary. These copies were sent to the Assemblies and to the army. On the 19th of July Congress passed a resolution that the Declaration should be engrossed and signed by all the members. In accordance with this vote, on the 2d of August, 1776, the Declaration, engrossed on parchment, received the signatures of all the members of Congress then present. Other signatures were appended at later dates. That of McKean, of Delaware, was the last of all, and was not added until Feb. 12, 1779.

This, we believe, is the *true* story of the Signing. You will not find it in any of the histories of the United States, and some of its statements will probably be questioned by those who have never examined all the facts. It seems very strange that such widely different accounts have been given of events that happened only little more than a hundred years ago, — transactions, too, that were not done in a corner, but were public events of great moment and far-reaching consequences. But truth of fact always comes to light sooner or later. Often, as in the case of the Declaration of Independence, it is not the reported facts that are incorrect, but men's imperfect historical eyesight. Judge Chamberlain has simply looked at all the facts, and seen them in their right relations. The result is, that the truth is seen at last as simply and as naturally as when a high mountain-peak stands forth in the noonday light, after the mists of the morning have been lifted from its head.

IN THE HAY-LOFT.

BY BESSIE BENTLY.

(*A child's rhyming letter about country pleasures in vacation time.*)

I 'm sitting here, Aunt Lizzie,
Way up among the hay,
And through the old barn window
I see for miles away.
And oh, it is so jolly!
The birds are singing near,
And then I 'm sure I never
Did see the sky so clear.
The great elm-trees are waving;
And down there in the sun,
I see the daisies nodding
As if 't was lots of fun.
The little downy chickens
Just brush them as they pass,
And shadows look so pleasant
And cool upon the grass.
Here comes a little pigeon;
He 's tame as he can be;
You don't know just how cunning
He stands and looks at me.
I wish he 'd take this letter
And carry it to you,
Then bring me back an answer.
They say some pigeons do.

Oh, dear! a wasp is flying
Just close among the hay.
I wonder what they 're good for;
I wish he 'd go away;
They seem so cross and spiteful.
Now bees, I think, are nice;
I like to hear them humming,
Though one has stung me twice.

. . . . . .

The folks up here are Quakers;
They always call me thee,
And say First-day for Sunday;
It sounds so sweet to me.
I think it 's rather funny
Their gardens are so gay,
Because I know these Quakers
Are only fond of gray.
They always look so pleasant
And cool the hottest day;
Aunt Phœbe don't get angry
No matter what you say;
To make the things that please you
The best, she always tries;
I do believe this moment
She 's making apple-pies.
Yes; here she comes to empty
Her pan of apple-peels.
Oh, dear! it is too funny
The way that piggy squeals.
Aunt Lizzie, if you saw him
I know that you would laugh;
And what he eats for supper
I could not tell you half.
And now the cows are running,
Their tails high up in air;
They 've seen Aunt Phœbe coming
And think they 'll have their share;
When there they stand in clover
That reaches to their knee,
They 're just as nice and lovely
And sleek as cows can be.
But yet I 'm glad, Aunt Lizzie,
I 'm hiding way up here;
I 'm half afraid of Brindle,
Sometimes she looks so queer.

. . . . . .

Why! I declare old Speckle
Is peeping through the door;
And now I see her coming
Tip-toeing on the floor.
I must not stir a finger
Until she hides away;
I knew her nest was somewhere
Up here among the hay.
She looks so wise and cunning
Her head all on one side;
But don't you think it 's funny
The way hens always hide?

. . . . . .

They 're bringing home the horses,
And putting up the plough;
I do believe that dinner
Is almost ready now;
So I must stop, Aunt Lizzie,
And wash my hands and face.
I think to write a letter
This is a lovely place.
I wish down in the city
That you could smell this hay,
Perhaps you can in fancy
A hundred miles away;
And then maybe you 'll picture
The hollyhocks so tall,
And sunflowers that are growing
Beside the old stone wall.
I think I 'd be contented
To stay here all my life;
And when I grow a woman
I 'll be a farmer's wife.
I 'll have a barn like this one
Packed full of sweet new hay,
And you must come to see me
And always call me

May.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

[This department of our paper will be, until further notice, under the charge of the Editor, who earnestly solicits *questions* from the readers of Every Other Sunday. It will be the Editor's aim to give thoughtful and suggestive replies to such questions as Sunday-school workers, both pupils and teachers, may send to him. Address, Editor of Every Other Sunday, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

Must we lose the older boys and girls from the Sunday-school?

No school *need* lose its older pupils. Let the *very best teacher* be assigned to the young people's class, and let him become the personal friend of each of his pupils. Let him also teach the class *along the line of the subjects in which they are already interested*, and make his pupils feel that all the teaching has a practical application to their daily lives. If the teacher, aided by the pastor, could also interest these young people in the work and worship of the Church, he would hold them to the school by a still stronger bond.

What mode of instruction is best adapted to the higher classes?

Different methods should be employed. Generally speaking, if the teacher is capable of guiding a conversation, let the conversational method be used. Brief papers on particular topics of the lesson should also be presented from time to time by some of the pupils. Study the Bible as a Shakspeare club or a Dante class study their chosen branch of literature. Make ethics as *interesting* in the Sunday-school class as painting and sculpture are made attractive in a fine arts class.

Ought we not to require as good order in the Sunday-school as in the day-school?

"Order is heaven's first law" everywhere. How to secure it in a school-room is not always an easy matter. In the Sunday-school, order should be obtained less by requirement than by the constraining power of character in the officers of the school. The place, the hour, the sacredness of the subjects that are studied, and the influence of the introductory service of worship should also tend to promote the order that is needed. *As a last resort*, pupils who are habitually disorderly should be dismissed from the school.

Shall we teachers discourage the use of "slang" words and phrases by our pupils?

By all means. Language reacts on thought. Coarse or vulgar speech, even when it is neither profane nor indecent, hurts the mind. Distorted words, like distorted views, blur and confuse the fair image of truth. Pure and undefiled language is a helper of pure and undefiled religion.

Is the problem of "graded teaching" in the Sunday-school any nearer a practical solution?

Yes.

1. More schools are actually trying such teaching.

2. Many other schools are "feeling after it,"—grading their instruction "to a certain point."

3. Superintendents who do not indorse the graded system, as it is commonly understood, are favoring some arrangement of studies into "groups," giving the teachers option as to special subject and manual, but requiring certain leading groups of studies to be taught in the school.

4. New manuals are in preparation, which will fit into the requirements of a graded course.

Our Book Table.

Several interesting books were sent us during the vacation, notices of which will duly appear in the succeeding numbers of our paper.

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We send to all subscribers whose names are on our books copies of No. 1 of Vol. II. The usual packages are sent to the Sunday-schools; but we earnestly request all our schools to inform us at an early day of the exact number of copies which they wish to take this year. We hope there will be an increased number in every school. Sample copies of this number will be furnished free to all who will apply for them. We shall also be happy to send a trial copy of Every Other Sunday *free* for two months to any person desiring to examine the paper.

TEACHERS, TAKE COURAGE!

The things that remain and pass into the life are the realities that bide their time to germinate, blossom, and bear precious fruit. It will be well for the teacher to bear this in mind in all that she does and all that she is. It may be a small thing to stick to a careless boy until he does his work correctly, or to be calm and firm in face of the antics of the spoiled young miss on the upper seat. It is not a great thing, in itself, for the "lady-teacher" to be indeed a lady before her class; never appearing in a dishevelled, run-down, self-forgetful condition of dress, mood, or manners. But twenty years later that hour with the boy bears fruit in some honest and thorough job, that declares him one of the reliable men; or the mother, in a family tempest, remembers how her school-mistress conquered her in the far-off school-days; or when the old man casts a look backward, he is reminded that the idea of womanhood, formed by the gracious teacher whom, as a little boy, he worshipped, has walked by his side as a guardian angel, leading him through a thousand temptations, decided his choice of a wife, and has always been his model in the training of his daughters.

One of the mysterious and beautiful experiences of the after-time of life is the strange, almost supernatural, way in which these really precious remains of our child-life keep coming up; for the first time seen in their true significance. No week passes over the head of a thoughtful person beyond sixty, that does not witness the appearance, often out of the deeps of unconscious memory, of some word spoken years ago, or some act long buried in oblivion, now for the first time revealed in its true relation to life. Perhaps we have never before been in the condition to understand or apply that lesson of our childhood. Blessed is the teacher who early comes to this knowledge of the things that remain. For her is faith, serenity, abiding love, and the hope, "sure and steadfast," which is the "anchor of the soul."—*Journal of Education.*

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